

A Bit of Modern History.

The French Revolution and its Cause.—The Youngstown Riot a Reminder.—Masses Must Have Bread.

We are told that "history repeats itself," and it does. That is why all people should know history, and it is also why history is carefully kept from the masses. Like conditions produce like results in any age, and if the people understood the past, they would know what is wrong with the present and apply the remedy.

With us the year 1916 began rather sadly. The press disseminates of January 7 announced the rioting at Youngstown, Ohio, where a branch plant of the steel trust is located that employs some 15,000 men.

There must have been something wrong with those press dispatches that told us the steel trust would increase wages, beginning with the new year. Anyhow, a strike was declared at the Youngstown plant.

Youngstown has a population of 15,000 and only 400 of these are voters. These workers are of the dregs of Europe, ignorant, unorganized. But labor conditions sometimes become so oppressive that even the ignorant and unorganized revolt, and that was the situation in Youngstown.

However, the strike seems to have been orderly until fired into by the hired gun men that the employers always have handy. Then a battle followed in which several were killed and about a hundred wounded, and the city was set on fire and over a million dollars in property destroyed. Strange as it may seem, yet Mayor Cunningham of Youngstown, in an interview, credits the cause of the trouble to the hired thugs. He says: "Just what caused it all I have been unable to determine, but from what I have been told I fear it was caused by the armed guards on the bridge. Had these guards been kept within the limits of the mill property I doubt if there would have been any trouble. Witnesses have told me that it was the guards on the bridge that fired the first shots. That aroused the fury of the mob and there was no holding it in check, once it started."

The foregoing happened in the so-called land of the free in 1916. Let us compare it with the happenings of a little more than a century ago—in France.

The French revolution was the biggest happening of modern times, and took place about the same time as the American revolution. The Americans fought to free themselves from a foreign despot, while the French fought to overthrow the despot within—the church and the state. Concerning the beginning of the French revolution, the following is taken from Watson's Magazine: "It was an almost universal feeling, that the old system was doomed. Things could not go on as they were. A change was needed. Travelers, passing through France, had described the wretched condition of the peasantry. Books had been published attacking the Divine Right of hereditary kings. Plays had been staged and acted, amid thunder of applause, in which the outrageous special privileges of the nobles were caricatured and held up to public hatred. Philosophers had toiled mightily, to unfetter the minds of Frenchmen, so long benumbed and sterilized by the clerical travesty of education. Statesmen had been loud in their prophetic warnings, and even the exhausted libertine on the throne had said: "The system will last out my time, but after us, the Deluge."

Think of it! The peasantry did all the work, produced all the wealth, paid practically all the taxes, and the peasant was not only refused permission to fence in his crops from the devastation of herds of deer, droves of hogs, and the hordes of cavaliers of mounted hunters, but he was not allowed to take for his own use on his own place, a hare, a quail, or a dove, and he was not at liberty to hoe or manure his crops, at certain seasons, lest the cutting of the weeds might disturb the young coves of quail, and the manure might injure their flavor! The peasant was conscripted, to build the public roads; and he was called upon, a certain number of days each year, to do unpaid labor for his land-lord; and his land-lord required of him to fetch his wheat to the lord's mill, his grapes to the lord's wine-press; and out of everything produced on the peasants farm, the lord and the priest took toll.

When the kingdom was at peace, the peasants fed it; when at war, the peasants bled for it. In time of peace—work he ever so hard—he could neither vote nor hold office. In time of war—fight he ever so hard—he could never rise out of the ranks.

There were no schools for his children, no hospitals for his sick, no golden door of opportunity inviting him to come up higher. Civilization passed him by, did not illumine his mind, his heart, his home. But if he failed to kneel, and take off his hat, when the priest went by with a Catho-

lic idol, or a "consecrated" piece of bread, he was fiendishly tortured and then burned at the stake.

Princes of State and Princes of Church rode in their grand coaches, drawn by four horses, enjoying the roads the forced peasant-labor had made, and if they deigned to look upon the peasant and his hovel at all, it was with a supercilious feeling of adoration, as though the peasant were a creature of a lower scale of animal life.

Princes of State and Princes of Church luxuriated in the most artistic palaces, set in glorious parks, and, with them, each day and each night was prized in proportion to its sensuous pleasures—lovely gardens, classic fountains, ornamental shrubbery, marble statuary, gorgeous flowers, voluptuous music, delicious banquets, and beautiful women. To afford all this, they so framed the law that it robbed the peasant of everything except his black bread, made of the leavings of the grain. If the peasant had any friend in the Church, it was the parish priest, who lived with the people, witnessed their struggles, saw their poverty and shared it.

As to the Bishops, Archbishops and Cardinals, they were as haughty, and rapacious, and as prodigal as the Princes of the State. All prelates being "zealous," it created no surprise when the Cardinal de Rohan intrigued to seduce Queen Marie Antoinette. Cardinal Richelieu had made love to Queen Anne, wife of Louis XIII, and Cardinal Mazarin had lived with her many years before her death—the charitable supposed they had been privately married.

Upon this unnatural state of society, came the thunder-clap of the American war for independence.

France eagerly seized upon the opportunity to do England an ill turn in retaliation for the losses England had inflicted upon France, in India, in Canada, and the North-western portion of Colonial America.

The French statesmen received American envoys, and began through underground channels to advance money to aid the Colonies. Young Frenchmen came over in shoals to enlist in the American army. To most of these it was an adventure; to Lafayette and a few others, it was a principle. It was inevitable that when plain old rustic-dressed Ben Franklin became the fashion in Paris, a spontaneous, enthusiastic ovation, and the handsome young John Laurens crossed the seas to kneel at the feet of King and Queen, asking for the aid of the French fleet—and additional cash; and the joint arms of America and France forced the sword out of England's hand at Yorktown; and all the gallant French officers came hurrying home, to fight their battles over again; it was inevitable, I say that a new spirit should begin to brood upon the vast, dark waters of the unnatural Old Order.

Almost before anyone knew of the impending change, the change was manifest. The tone of conversation everywhere was different. In the salons of the aristocracy, people prattled about Liberty and the rights of Man. The breath of the Encyclopedists, of Rousseau and Voltaire, of Thomas Paine and Condorcet and Diderot had not only ruffled the surface of the ocean of thought, but had disturbed the depths. A vague aspiration for the natural life, was felt and displayed. The king put on a leather apron, and pottered about the forge, learning to make locks. The Queen created, in the Versailles Park, a rustic mill, farmhouse, and dairy; and his daughter of the Censars played at being a farmer's wife, and sold milk to the nobility of France.

Her brother, the Emperor of Austria, was a trenchant reformer, who compelled the Pope to eat humble pie and kneel at Canosa; but when he came on a visit to Paris, and listened to the Democratic talk and witnessed the freakish rusticity of his sister, he shook his head and said, "My trade is to be a king."

Madly extravagant herself, the giddy young Queen surrounded herself with insatiable sycophants who used their influence with her to empty the treasury of France.

The desperate Minister turned to the Nobles, and implored them to yield their exemption from the burdens of State. He was answered with an indignant, "No!" The Minister pleaded with the clergy, beseeching them to waive their immunity from taxation. He was answered by a furious "No!"

In vain, the Minister endeavored to lop off useless and expensive offices, mere sinecures; the parasites made common cause with the Nobles, and implored them to yield their exemption from the burdens of State. He was answered with an indignant, "No!" The Minister pleaded with the clergy, beseeching them to waive their immunity from taxation. He was answered by a furious "No!"

Then what? The squeezed or-

ange can yield no more; and even if loans could be again obtained, the usury would be so prohibitive that no relief could be expected. Pamphlets flew in the air, the printing presses groaned day and night; and each succeeding pamphlet seem to be more violent than its predecessor. The Queen is assailed, the Austrian woman and her mad extravagance are the causes of the bread famine. Special Privileges is attacked, the Tax Farmers, the Monopolists are savagely denounced.

Bread grows scarcer, and prices soar; the laboring man cannot feed his children. Mobs collect, and raucous, seditious clamor is heard. Agitators run about the street scattering firebrands. All Paris is in a ferment, and plainly something must be done. Can the soldiers quell the people? The attempt is made, but made irresolutely, and it ended in failure. More fiercely than ever, the insurrectionary mob boils, and almost like spontaneous combustion, a great blaze leaps up, in the Palais Royal gardens, and spreads, and spreads, and mounts higher and higher, until the Mob storms, and takes the Bastille, the hoary dungeon of many Bourbon Kings.

"Why, that's a revolt!" cried the King, when aroused from sleep by the Duke of Laineourt to hear the doleful tidings.

"No, Sir, it is a Revolution," gravely answered the Duke! The fall of the Bastille was heard all around the world; and it was significant that one of the keys of the ancient Bourbon fortress should have been sent to George Washington, Royalist and Romanist writers told you that few prisoners were found in the cells; what they do not tell you is, that the free-thinking and good-hearted Regent who governed France during the minority of Louis the XV, had opened the doors, and offered freedom to all the captives. One of these had been confined for thirty-five years, and the most diligent inquiry failed to learn what the man had been imprisoned for, or by whom. Arriving from Italy, he had been clapped into the Bastille, and forgotten. Offered his liberty, the poor creature asked to be permitted to remain in jail. His life had been spent, his family scattered, his home lost—what could the old wreck do with his freedom?

Another thing the Royalists and the Romanists forget to tell you at the spiteful institution of the King's scarlet woman, Madame de Pompadour, a harmless poet, Latude, was imprisoned for life, his crime being an epigram which stung royalty's liar.

Such was the system; blazing with the splendors of unearned wealth at the top; smoldering with the intense dissatisfaction of the pillaged producers, at the bottom.

"No, Sir! it is not a revolt—it IS A REVOLUTION!"

The solidarity of the laborers at the polls means the success of the cause of the workers.

Read the unmuzzled Kicker.

HARMONY IN CHUCKS.

There seems to be about the same harmony between Missouri Democrats who hold national jobs and Missouri Democrats who hold state jobs as there is between two hungry dogs after the same bone.

The state machine threatens one of the national job holders, Elliot Major, perhaps the smallest man who ever occupied the governor's chair of Missouri, wants the \$7,500 per year attached to Jim Reed's job as United States senator from Missouri.

This effort to butt in aroused the national machine in the state, and four great Democratic rallies were held in different parts of the state last fall under the direction of the national machine. One of these was held in Cape Girardeau and the county between the two factions was made very clear to observers. Most of the patriotic organs of the state "took sides," and some remained on the fence. Except among the organs "selected" by the secretary of state to print the constitutional amendments in 1914, at \$600 per, the organs seemed to favor the national ring.

Con. Roach, the secretary of state who had these \$600 chunks of pie to hand out to his faithful organ-grinders at the people's expense, wants to be governor, and almost like spontaneous combustion, a great blaze leaps up, in the Palais Royal gardens, and spreads, and spreads, and mounts higher and higher, until the Mob storms, and takes the Bastille, the hoary dungeon of many Bourbon Kings.

However, the organs that got the \$600 are being made to earn the money. The state administration has been bitterly assailed because of its extravagance and incompetency, and Roach has been particularly attacked because he has so many members of his family on the public pay-roll.

Roach has been forced to have printed throughout the state hundreds of columns of stuff that he hopes that the people will accept as a satisfactory answer. This stuff the organs that got the \$600 from the public treasury printed without further pa—excepting one, so far as I know.

The one exception was the Scott County Democrat. It refused to print the editorial dope prepared at Jefferson City for the enlightenment of intelligent voters. Whether this was because the Kicker had so thoroughly exposed and ridiculed the way Democratic organs are edited from Jefferson City, or whether it was because some of the leading Democrats of the county are disgusted with the state administration, I do not know.

Then it may be that Mr. Dudley thought he owned the paper and had a right to keep still if he wanted to. Mr. Dudley is a good, easy-going gentleman who seems to understand next to nothing about politics. It is evident that he refused to be "used" to the extent demanded by those who have the distribution of public pie. Even the county patriots grew cold toward him, and much of the jerald printing was distributed among the various papers of the county.

Last week things came to a head. Wm. H. Lewis, an employee in Roach's office at Jefferson City "bought" the Democrat. Where the money came from does not matter. For a time, at least, Mr. Lewis will hold down his state job and edit a paper here. And as matters warm up, we may expect to see the State House Ring ably defended in Scott county—as Mr. Lewis is a good newspaper

man and a writer of considerable ability.

But won't this cut both ways? There are a half dozen Democratic papers in the county, and there will be another batch of constitutional amendments pie to be handed out next fall. The way this works is to keep all of the papers nibbling for the pie by boosting the state administration—and especially the secretary of state—and none of the organs are sure which will be "selected" until a few weeks before the election. It is then too late for those that got "the hooks" to back-track. But with an employee of the secretary of state in charge of the local organ, none need doubt where the pie will go.

The Democrat was organized by our "best citizens" seven years ago for the announced purpose of putting the Kicker out of business. The paper collapsed once and was sold under the hammer. It has changed ownership four times, and management six times. Its different owners were Manning S. Phelan, James F. Allen, Thos. F. Rucker, W. H. Lewis, G. W. Dudley, and again W. H. Lewis.

"Bring on another boss."

A few months ago the Ironton Register, one of some interesting information about how nicely the Democratic administration had harnessed the trusts. As an illustration of how tame the trusts had become, he told of his own experience in buying oil.

The venerable editor told of how he had bought a barrel of oil at an insignificant cost, and pointed out that this was so because a Democratic administration had engaged the octopus and put a look on the door. In his usual convincing manner he took all the wind out of the sails of those who might differ with him, and was just about to let him have it his way for the time being, but now the price of oil has doubled within 30 days. Will Bro. Ake please explain who or what it was that unlocked the door and let the octopus out? Buy another barrel of oil NOW Bro. Ake, and then tell us about it.

A FEW FACTS. From the Milwaukee Leader. Forty-four American families have incomes as large as the total income of 400,000 workmen. The Monthly report of the United States industrial commission, has emphasized the state of American "preparedness" as no other investigation has ever shown.

Here are a few facts gleaned from the report: In the homes of 37 per cent of American workmen three or more persons sleep in a bedroom. Thirty-seven per cent of the wives of American workmen are compelled to engage in work outside of their household duties to enable the family to live.

Half of the wage earners who are supporting families receive not more and many less than \$10 a week.

Twenty per cent of the school children of the working class are underfed.

Babies of working class mothers do not have half the chance of living as the babies of mothers whose economic condition enables them to provide properly for their care. The ratio of deaths is three to one.

Who is it that is impeding the family and "breaking up the home?"

The winter season is with us and you will want some good reading. Get the Kicker.

IN THE SOUTHEAST.

What the People are Doing in Other Counties that are Near.

Just what "the Church" will do to the Cape Girardeau Tribune remains to be seen. That paper has certainly stepped over the line of "respectable" journalism in a way that invites the press boycott. In big headlines Friday morning the Tribune announced: "Father Selbert Jilted Her Says Marie Cook." Then the paper devotes more than two columns telling of the reactions of a missionary priest who held a two-weeks mission at the Cape and got mixed up with Miss Cook of that city. Lawyers have been employed on both sides and unless the matter is hushed up as usual in court, the mess will be aired in court. According to the story of Miss Cook as printed, the priest visited her while she was at the Cape hospital and became very spooney. He then arranged for her to meet him in St. Louis at his expense, and that the Reverend promised to renounce his vow and marry her. According to the story of the priest's lawyer, the priest admits having been very friendly with the young lady, and that he sent her money, but he claims to have done this in a fatherly way, as pastor to a parishioner. The girl claims to have "the goods" on the priest in many letters received from him which she will produce in court, while the attorney for the priest threatens to get a federal indictment against the girl charging black-mail. Let us go.

Since writing the above, the Cape Girardeau Tribune evening has arrived. The Tribune gave interviews by attorneys of both sides and published some of the letters. The Republican seems to try to make a defense for the priest by the usual method of discrediting the newspaper and says: "The girl, Marie Cook, is well known, especially to the people, and to characters of the underworld. As a denizen of the Women's House for some time, she bears great reputation with the police."

That it seems to me is the hardest knock the Holy Father could have received. It was two years ago that Father Selbert first met Miss Cook. She was but 17 years old and pretty. And according to Father Selbert's attorney, as printed in the Tribune, the priest admits correspondence with the girl during this time and supplying her with money, but claims his intentions were not evil. Why would he be so economical and kind to such a prodigal as described by the Republican, and address her in his letters as "Dear Marie?"

Saturday's Tribune printed some of the letters the girl says she received from Father Selbert and post-marked at different places. Being a missionary, this priest was moving about. His stationing at St. Louis. The Tribune also prints an interview with Marie in which she says of the priest: "He asked me to become his wife and I accepted. He said he would quit the priesthood and the church to become my husband. He would register at a hotel and then would notify me to meet him. I spent several hours with him at a hotel in this city less than a year ago. The last time I was with him was during December. He sent me to the Hotel Princess in St. Louis, and a short time later I had registered he came to the hotel and spent several hours in my room. While he was there a girl friend of mine, who was at the hotel in an adjoining room, opened the door and walked into the room where Father Selbert and I sat. When she left he wanted to know who she was and what she meant by coming into the room where we were. I told him she was a friend of mine and he need have no fear. He seemed to be satisfied. It was while we were there he told me he would quit the church and marry me. When he left he embraced me, and when he reached the door he turned and came back to kiss me again."

Dexter Messenger.—There is a great deal of water in the bottoms to the east of here. It is practically a sea of water from Gray's Ridge to one mile east of Morehouse, ranging in depth from three inches to six feet. The heavy rains for the past two weeks have put both the Osage and Little River out of their banks and the water has come down and spread over several miles of land. The largest portion of this section is known as the Nigger Wool swamp.

Fredericktown News.—A fellow calling himself a doctor was picked up at Mine La Motte one day last week by Sheriff Sharp and brought to town. He was given a stiff fine for practicing without a state license and after applying all the cash he had, about \$25 on the fine was allowed to shake the dust of Madison county off his feet. After he had gone some parties came over from Ironton to get him for fraud committed over there, but the bird had flown.

Tom Gullivan of New Madrid county will raise paper shell pecans. He has bought ten thousand young trees. It is a profitable crop, once the trees begin to bear.

Uncle Tom Cook, Madison county's oldest citizen, died last week aged 95 years, after living all of his life near where he died. Of him the Fredericktown News says: "His early life was really a struggle with nature and a battle waged with the elements for his very existence. In childhood he walked through deep snows and bitter wintry storms to the traps set to ensure the game which furnished his only subsistence. He did not see or wear a pair of shoes until he was ten years old. His clothing was made by his own hands from deer skins; while his home was a rude log cabin and the fire was kept continually burning and Uncle Tom sometimes had to walk for miles to the nearest neighbor to borrow fire. It is by means of the fire at home, because extinguished. His trapping and hunting experience would fill a volume. He killed his first deer when he was ten years old. His weapon was a flint-lock rifle."

Recent Items.—One of those tragedies resulting from pouring coal oil on live coals occurred near Delta last Friday morning, and cost the life of Minnie Morrison, the fifteen-year-old daughter of Mrs. Wm. Morrison, a widow. The mother was sick and the daughter started to build a fire in the kitchen stove, pouring coal oil over the kindling. The fire not burning well, she applied the second time, when the house shot up and reached the man, causing an explosion and deluging the poor girl with the burning fluid. She ran to the bedside of her mother, who did her best to extinguish the flames, severely burning her hands in the attempt but without success. The girl's clothing was burned off and she received severe injuries that she died in the afternoon.

Landlord Democrat.—The deed covering the big land deal, conveying to Edward Roiling, formerly of Charleston, but at present a resident of St. Louis, four thousand four hundred and forty acres of Dunklin County real estate, was filed in Recorder Vardoloff's office. The consideration named in the deed is two hundred thousand dollars, and the instrument bears \$132.50 worth of revenue stamps, out of the stamps, being of the denomination of \$100.00. The grantors are William Hunter and wife of Benton County. In first reports, the deal does not cover all of Mr. Hunter's holdings in this county. He still has a number of valuable tracts which he will need a better advance.

Fredericktown News.—The farmers to a goodly number of village school districts, and at these school houses to read themselves together into a Farmers' School District Club. In order to enable the farmers of their community to cooperate with each other more effectively in the marketing of farm products and to the end that they may be brought together at stated times for the discussion of the various farm problems in which they are so vitally interested and for the purpose of fostering a more friendly and neighborly social relationship.

Ironton Register.—And now they talk of "reasonable preparedness." What is reasonable preparedness? How many more battleships will it require, and how great the augmentation of our standing army? Who is to draw the line beyond which the proposal of militarism must not go? Once we abandon the strength of our Right and flee to the devil's sanctuary of Might, we shall turn from the memory of the Fathers and armed devotion will soon sound the triumph peals over the dead Republic. Read history, men and brethren!

East Prairie Eagle.—The governor of N. Carolina released five hundred convicts from the state prison just before Christmas with the understanding that they spend the holidays at home and return voluntarily to the prison afterwards. He reports that every man returned as promised. Wonder if five hundred free men picked up at random would keep faith and reward a promise made?

Water in the low lands is already becoming troublesome. The Charleston Republican says: "Ben Swank made his last delivery on part of Route 3 Tuesday. He now goes as far as the Lusk Chapel church and then retraces home. Water in Big Lake is too high to cross safely by buggy. Rural Route 4 is also cut in two by Brewer Lake, which is out of its banks."

Mrs. Sarah Cunningham, of Elvins, St. Francois county, was 100 years old last April and is still in fine health. She was born in Kentucky in 1815 and came to Missouri nine years later and has lived in St. Francois county ever since.

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